

# The Mirror

OF

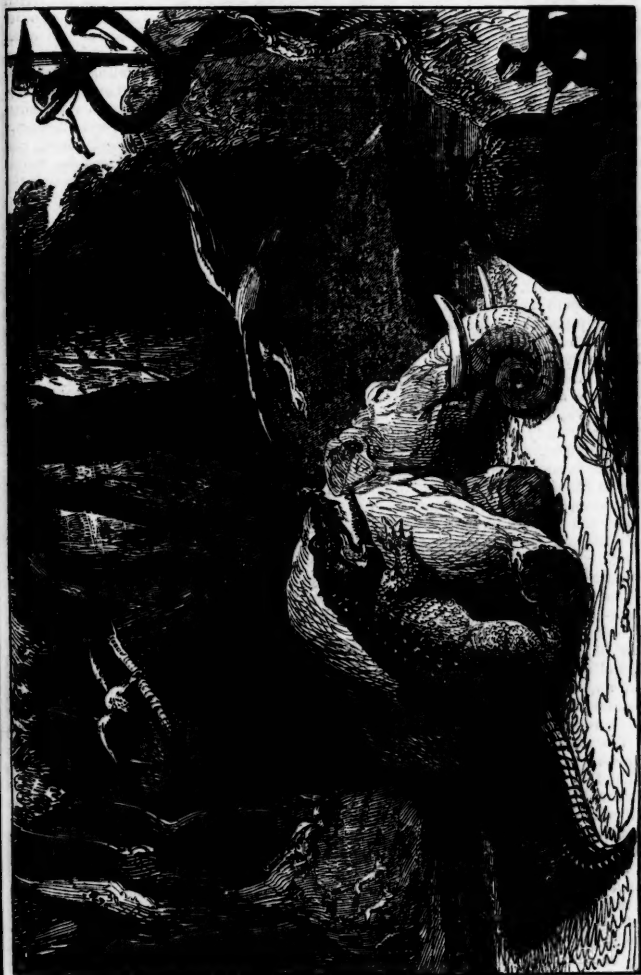
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 633.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.

Spirit of the Annuals for 1834.



ALLIGATOR AND DEAD ELEPHANT.

(Copied, by permission, from DANIELL'S ORIENTAL ANNUAL.)

### The Oriental Annual

Is, in every respect, the most magnificent of all the publications of its class. It alike surpasses them in magnificence of subject and execution, and is, without exception, the most exquisite specimen of engraving yet produced in this country, or in Europe. We shall say but a few words of the design of this unique volume, and then leave its merits to the public, fearless of our high opinion of its merits being controverted by impartial judgment.

The design of the Oriental Annual is to illustrate "that portion of the civilized world, which is especially rich in magnificent objects and even in natural and artificial wonders." Its execution has been confided to Mr. Daniell, R. A., whose residence of ten years in India, "has given him advantages over every living artist in the delineation of Eastern scenery," and enabled him to furnish drawings for the twenty-six engravings of this volume, from scenes and subjects in Upper India. These illustrate the zoology and stupendous vegetation of that district, its sublime mountain scenery, its superb religious and other structures, the simple beauty of the native costume, and one or two of the natural phenomena of one of this very wonder-fraught portion of the globe. Among the most attractive of these subjects are the frontispiece Hindoo Female; the vignette Cuttub Minar, a magnificent tower, forty feet higher than the London Monument, and of infinitely greater architectural beauty; the Setting in of a Monsoon at Madras; Raje Gur, an impregnable mountain fort, and an enriched mosque at its foot; the Hindoo temples of Tritchen-core, of elaborate beauty; Cape Cormorin, belted with clouds, though not cloud-capped, and appearing poised in mid-air; the Cataract of Puppenassum, and its sculptured rocks; wild elephants, in their native forests; the talipât-tree; a banyan and its interlaced roots; views in Benares; portraits of the Queen of Candy, and a Mahratta chief; a caparisoned elephant and camel; and the alligator and dead elephant, which, by the courtesy of the publishers, we have transferred to the annexed page. We have not space to particularize the Engravers of these prints, but must observe that they have executed their difficult tasks in the first style of their art.

The literary accompaniment of these splendid Engravings is from the pen of the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D., who visited India as "soon as he became of age." It is chiefly descriptive, interspersed with narrative, and relates many of "the habits, manners, and national prejudices of a remote and extraordinary people." Every page teems with glowing interest, and this portion of the work is worthy of association with the superb works of art which it accompanies. We quote

two or three incidental passages: first, that which relates to the subjoined page—the *Alligator and Dead Elephant*:

"We had taken our guns and sauntered into the jungle, accompanied by several armed natives, in order to try if we could not furnish our table with some of the excellent wild fowl with which the woods and marshes abound. We had not proceeded far before we entered a large open space in the forest, in the centre of which was a sheet of water of considerable extent, filled, as we could perceive, with alligators of enormous size. This lake, although penetrating far into the jungle, was rather narrow, but extremely deep. From its banks, on either side, a great number of large forest-trees, which were distinctly reflected in its dark and placid bosom, cast their broad shadows upon its waters; whilst the sun, darting his vivid rays through the close foliage that nearly intercepted them, threw here and there small masses of golden light, which gave a solemn but relieved interest to the natural gloom of the picture. Near the head of the lake was the carcass of a dead elephant, upon which a large alligator was making his meal, while others of less magnitude were eagerly awaiting his departure that they might succeed him, when he should have received his sufficiency, and likewise enjoy the luxury of a feast. The natural solitariness and asperity of a spot, the immobility and lurkiness of the lake, the extreme denseness of the foliage, together with the almost cavernous gloom which such a concurrence of causes produced, were seen in awful contrast with the several varieties of living objects that met the sight upon entering this sequestered glade. There was indeed a stirring activity in the very haunt of solitude; and what is strange, the feeling of intense solitariness was only the more strongly awakened by the presence of this activity, as the mind instantly felt that it could only be witnessed far from the abodes of men. The mental associations excited by the scene before us were any thing but pleasing, as we here read in one of nature's most melancholy pages the sad lesson of animal selfishness and ferocity. How does the former run through all the countless gradations of human feeling! In the rational creature it is the master-spring of motives, intents, and actions, and exists as strongly as in the irrational; in the latter, it is only the more obvious, because it is the less disguised. These reflections passed rapidly through my thoughts as I gazed upon the living things which swarmed in and about the dark lake on whose banks the elephant breathed his last. Various beasts and birds of prey,—jackals, adjutants, vultures, kites, and reptiles of different kinds, were seen collecting from all quarters, waiting their turn to share in the casualty of a full banquet.

588.77-432.

During the time that the large alligator,  
 "At once the king and savage of the waste,"

was busy at his work of hungry devastation on the colossal body of the elephant, a native attendant was desired to advance and fire, in order that we might see what would be the effect of the explosion among the ravenous visitors to this gloomy valley. This he immediately did. The ball glanced from the alligator's body as if it had been cased in adamant, when a scene of confusion ensued which defies description. The whole valley seemed at once to start into life. The rush of the monster thus suddenly scared from its prey—the splashings of those which were floating on the surface of the lake in expectation of a speedy meal, as they plunged beneath its still waters—the yelling of the jackals, and the screaming of the vultures, made altogether such a din that we were glad to escape from the frightful uproar. We had the curiosity to revisit the spot after our day's sport, on our return to our tents, when we found the large body of the elephant entirely consumed, with nothing but the skeleton remaining. The bones were picked as clean as if they had been under the hands of a most skilful surgeon, and prepared by him for some national museum. This operation was completed by the black ants, which swarm upon a carcass after it has been relinquished by the more voracious beasts of prey, and leave the fleshless frame as white and clean as if it had been polished by the efforts of human ingenuity.

[Our other extracts are]—

#### ELEPHANTS ATTACKING A GRANARY.

A small body of sepoy's stationed at an out-post to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set the authorities at defiance. Two of our party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the sepoy's withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and, having no doubt satisfied them, in a language which to them needed no interpreter, that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace towards the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick, and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty

banyan tree, in order to escape mischief. The conduct of the four-footed besiegers was such as strongly to excite their curiosity, and they, therefore, watched their proceedings with intense anxiety. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well, through the little vistas formed by the separated branches, what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished, but four thick brick walls, were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty, which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, laboured for some time to make an impression, but after awhile his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and exhausted his exertions with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of these entered, and when they had taken their fill they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd, upwards of twenty in number, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those that were still in the building immediately rushed out and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter, and, upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle.

#### EGG DANCE.

After they had exhibited a number of their ordinary tricks, such as swallowing a sword, blowing fire from the mouth, throwing the balls, &c. which are common to the most unskilful among them, one of the party a woman, young and beautifully formed, fixed on her head a fillet of a stiff, strong texture, to which were fastened, at equal distances,

twenty pieces of string of equal lengths, with a common noose at the end of each. Under her arm she carried a basket, in which twenty fowl's eggs were carefully deposited. Her basket, the fillet, and the nooses, were severally examined by my companions and myself—there was evidently no deception. It was broad daylight, the basket was of the simplest construction, the eggs and strings were all manifestly what they were represented to be; nor, in fact, had the woman any thing about her to aid deception, had she been disposed to practise it. She advanced alone and stood before us, within a few feet of where we were seated. She then began to move rapidly round upon a spot not more than eighteen inches in diameter, from which she never for an instant deviated, though, after a few moments, her rotation had become so exceedingly rapid as to render it all but painful to look at her. She absolutely spun round like a top. When her body had reached its extreme point of acceleration, she quietly drew down one of the strings which had formed a horizontal circle round her, and put an egg into the noose; when this was secured, she jerked it back to its original position, still continuing her gyrations with undiminished velocity, and repeating the process until she had secured the whole twenty eggs in the nooses previously prepared to receive them. She projected them rapidly from her hand the moment she had secured them, until at length the whole were flying round her in one unbroken circular line. After the eggs had been thus strung, she continued her motion for full five minutes, without the least diminution of her velocity, to our undiminished astonishment; when, taking the strings one by one, she displaced the eggs from their respective nooses, laid them in her basket, and then in one instant stopped, without the movement of a limb, or even the vibration of a muscle, as if she had been suddenly fixed into marble.

[In reluctantly closing this volume, we should observe that its elegant exterior corresponds with its internal beauty; the binding is olive morocco: the gilt ornaments of the back are a stately palm, with a lettered piece midway, and a camel at its base: on each side is a caparisoned elephant in gold, with a freighted houdah; and at each angle are intertwined serpents (cobras).

### The Forget-me-Not

MAINTAINS its literary character, as well as its pictorial merit, and, in every respect, appeals,

by the magic of its name,  
To gentle feelings and affections, kept  
Within the heart, like gold.

Among the most striking of the prose pieces are—The Great Balas Ruby, a tale of ro-

mance and chivalry; the Great Belt, by an old Sailor; the Skeleton Hand, a tale of the Highlands of the Hudson River; Hamilton's Revenge, by Allan Cunningham; and the Waltz, a well-wrought tale, by our ingenious correspondent M. L. B. Neither of these papers are, however, adapted to our limits; and their interest consists rather in the manner of telling than in the incidents, so that abridgment would be disadvantageous. We therefore quote an entire communication:—

#### SCOTTISH HAYMAKERS.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

THERE is no employment in Scotland so sweet as working in a hay-field on a fine summer day. Indeed it is only on a fine summer day that the youths and maidens of this northern clime can work at the hay; but then the scent of the new hay, which of all others in the world is the most delicious and healthful, the handsome dress of the girls, which is uniformly the same, consisting of a snow-white bedgown, and white or red striped petticoat, the dress that Wilkie is so fond of, and certainly the most lovely and becoming dress that ever was or ever will be worn by woman; and then the rosy flush of healthful exercise on the cheeks of the maidens, with their merry jibes and smiles of innocent delight! Well do I know, from long and well-tried experience, that it is impossible for any man, with the true feelings of a man, to work with them, or even to stand and look on—both of which I have done a thousand times, first as a servant, and afterwards as a master—I say it is impossible to be among them, and not to be in love with some one or other of them.

But this simple prologue was merely meant to introduce a singular adventure I met with a good many years ago. Mr. Terry, the player, his father and brother-in-law, the two celebrated Naesmiths, and some others, among whom was Monsieur Alexandre, the most wonderful ventriloquist that I believe ever was born, and I think Grieve and Scott, but at this distance of time I am uncertain, were of the party. However, we met by appointment; and, as the weather was remarkably fine, agreed to take a walk into the country, and dine at "The Hunter's Tryst"—a little, neat, cleanly, well-kept inn, about two miles to the southward of Edinburgh. We left the city by the hills of Braid, and there went into a hay-field. The scene certainly was quite delightful—what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the day, and the rural group of haymakers. Some were working hard, some wooing, and some towzling as we call it, when Alexander Naesmith, who was always on the look-out for any striking scene of nature, called to his son—"Come here, Peter, and look at this scene. Did you ever see aught equal to this? Look at those

happy haymakers on the foreground—that fine old ash tree and the castle between us and the clear blue sky. I declare I have hardly ever seen such a landscape! And if you had not been a perfect stump as you are, you would have noticed it before me. If you had, I would have set ten times more value on it.”

“Oh! I saw it well enough,” said Peter, “and have been taking a peep at it this while past; but I hae some other thing to think of and look at just now. Do you see that girl standing there with the hay-rake in her hand?”

“Ay, now, Peter, that’s some sense,” said the veteran artist. “I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching. Do you know, man, that is the only sensible speech I ever heard you make in my life.”

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving haystack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts, and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature; and I remember he made a remark to me that day, which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son, now no more, ever attended much to; for they have often drawn most extensive vistas the truest to nature of any thing I ever saw in my uncultivated judgment, which can only discern what is accordant with nature by looking on nature itself; but, if a hundred years hence the pictures of the Naesmiths are not held invaluable, I am no judge of true natural scenery. But I have forgotten myself. The remark that he made to me was this: “It is amazing how little makes a good picture; and frequently the less that is taken in the better.” Some of the ladies of the family seem to have improved greatly on this hint.

But to return to my story. We made such slow progress, on account of Naesmith, that up came the great cart-load of hay on one side of us, with a great, burly, Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for awhile, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half-smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world. Peter Naesmith was leaning on the cart-shaft at the time, and conversing with the driver about the beautiful girl he had seen in the hay-field. But Peter was rather deaf, and, not hearing the screaming of the child, looked

up in astonishment, when the driver of the cart began to stare around him like a man bereaved of his senses.

“What is the meaning of this?” said Terry. “You are smothering a child among your hay.”

The poor fellow, rough and burly as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed, in a half-articulate voice—“I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an’ me never ken!” And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet; he was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart, for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a-crying most bitterly amongst the hay; on which the poor fellow, (his name was Sandy Burnet), jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. “Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!” exclaimed he. “I’s warrant it’s killed!”—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. “Stand back! stand back!” cried he,—“ye’ll maybe tramp its life out; I’ll look for’t mysel’.” But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet’s then were; he seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill, and call on some of the haymakers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turning the hay over and over, for fear of running the fork through a child, “What can hae become o’ the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay.”

“The Lord kens, sir,” said Sandy.

“Think ye the lasses are a safe enough an’ to be trusted?” said I,

“For any thing that I ken, sir.”

“Then where could the bairn come frae?”

“The Lord kens, sir. That there was a bairn, or the semblance o’ ane, naebody can doubt; but I’m thinking it was a fairy, an’ that I’m hauntit.”

“Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?”

“Oh, no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world.”

“But were ye ever the cause o’ any lasses murdering their bairns?”

“Not that I ken o’.”

“Then where could the bairn come frae? for you are sensible that there is or was a bairn

amang your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it."

"I wish the same, sir; but there can be nae doubt that the creature amang the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe on the meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more vehemence and with more choking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin' the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy; and, flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the way to the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed, and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled: that was allowed by every one; but the effect there was not to be compared with that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter—a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them,—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house—from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place; and then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then, losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times, and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted, in a rough, obstreperous manner, on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and

threatening; and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is nae sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I believe, after a'. He is surely the deil!"

Alexandre went to the chimney, and, in his own natural voice, ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely, and paid liberally, that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get quit of a party in all their lives.

To prove the authenticity of this story, I may just mention that Peter Naesmith and Alexander ran a race in going home for half a dozen of wine, and, it being down hill, Peter fell and hurt his breast very badly. I have been told that that fall ultimately occasioned his death. I hope it was not so; for, though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art.

[One of the best of the poetical articles is the following:—]

TIBBIE INGLIS,  
Or the Scholar's Wooing.  
By Mary Howitt.

Bonnie Tibbie Inglis!  
Through sun and stormy weather,  
She kept upon the broomy hills  
Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen—  
A rosebud just unsealing—  
Without sorrow, without fear,  
In her mountain shelling.

She was made for happy thoughts,  
For playful wit and laughter,  
Singing on the hills alone,  
With Echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black  
As the cloud of thunder;  
She had brows so beautiful,  
And dark eyes sparkling under.

Bright  
Be  
I four  
We  
She v  
Wh  
Read  
Sor  
Tears  
Sol  
Whe  
A s  
Crim  
An  
With  
Ho  
Amor  
Up  
And  
Th  
And t  
Till  
With  
As  
And v  
Am  
We h  
He  
And r  
I sa  
And c  
"W  
I wat  
I sa  
"Am  
"T  
I wan  
Sile  
I took  
Met  
I laid  
My  
I drea  
And  
I saw  
The  
I saw  
And  
The d  
A li  
I rose  
Put  
To non  
Not  
Nor to  
Was  
I gat  
Who  
And th  
But  
She sa  
With  
As sil  
Upo  
I thou  
I the  
I thou  
Who  
Bonny  
How  
Lookin  
With  
There  
Ther  
Oh, Li  
Like



Bright and witty shepherd-girl!  
Beside a mountain-water  
I found her, whom the king himself  
Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,  
Wild, and mossed, and hoary,  
Reading in an ancient book  
Some old martyr-story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,  
Solemn thought was o'er her;  
When she saw in that lone place  
A stranger stand before her.

Crimson was her sunny cheek,  
And her lips seemed moving  
With the beatings of her heart—  
How could I help loving!

Among the crags I sat me down,  
Upon the mountain hoary,  
And made her read again to me  
That old, pathetic story.

And then she sang me mountain songs,  
Till all the air was ringing  
With her clear and warbling voice,  
As when the lark is singing.

And when the eve came on at length,  
Among the blooming heather,  
We herded on the mountain's side  
Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house  
I said "Good night" with sorrow,  
And only wished that I might say  
"We'll meet again to-morrow."

I watched her tripping to her home;  
I saw her meet her mother:  
"Among a thousand maids," I cried,  
"There is not such another!"

I wandered to my scholar's home—  
Silent it looked and dreary;  
I took my books, but could not read—  
Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,  
My heart with sadness laden;  
I dreamt but of the mountains wild,  
And of the mountain maiden.

I saw her in her ancient book  
The pages turning slowly;  
I saw her lovely crimson cheek,  
And dark eye drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight,  
A life of pain's o'erpayment:  
I rose, and with unwonted care  
Put on my sabbath-vestment.

To none I told my secret thought,  
Not even to my mother,  
Nor to the friend who from my youth  
Was dear as is a brother.

I gat me to the hills again,  
Where the little flock was feeding,  
And there young Tibbie Inglis sat,  
But not the old book reading.

She sat as if absorbing thought  
With a heavy spell had bound her,  
As silent as the mossy crags  
Upon the mountains round her.

I thought not of my sabbath dress,  
I thought not of my learning;  
I thought but of that gentle maid,  
Who, I believed, was mourning.

Bonny Tibbie Inglis!  
How her beauty brightened,  
Looking at me half abashed  
With eyes that flashed and lightened!

There was no sorrow then I saw,  
There was no thought of sadness.  
Oh, Life! what after-joy hast thou  
Like Love's first certain gladness!

I sat me down among the crags.

Upon the mountain hoary:  
But read not then the ancient book—  
Love was our pleasant story.

But then she sang me songs again,  
Old songs of love and sorrow,  
For our sufficient happiness  
Great charm from woe could borrow.

And many hours we talked in joy,  
Yet too much blessed for laughter;—  
I was a happy man that day—  
And happy ever after!

[The embellishments of the *Forget-me-not* include a few productions which it would be culpable to pass unnoticed: as the *Chains of the Heart*, a picturesque scene of an old husband asleep in a garden, "tacked" by a ribbon to a young wife, who is about removing the silken tie to fly to a young lover; a very pretty piece of intrigue, after Cawse. Next is the *Murder of the Regent Murray*, at Linlithgow, to illustrate Hamilton's *Revenge*; by Franklin. We have one of Prout's beautiful interiors—the Church of St. Pierre, at Caen; and the illustration of our quoted story, *Scottish Haymakers*, is poetically pastoral. But the rarity of the set is Westall's view of a veritable Chinese Garden, which is more delightful than a whole service of porcelain would lead us to imagine.]

### The Comic Offering,

In its fourth year, is an acceptable relief to the sombre cast of the Annual shoal. It is as well spiced as a Christmas pudding, with lively puns: its cuts also are puns, but of quality antipodal to the material on which they are engraved: they are light and laughable, and therefore excellent pabulum for mirth-loving mortals. The points are not always sharply struck off: they do not always tell; indeed it would be unprecedented merit were they to do so. The literary contents extend to sixty sketches, illustrated by as many Engravings: our quotations, (by permission of the publishers,) are from both portions of the volume; and, like good other lively sallies, need neither note nor comment.

#### CONVERSATION BETWEEN A WEATHER-GLASS AND A WEATHER-COCK.

We will speak, whether or no.—*Old Play.*

"Good morning (said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock); you don't look well this morning."

"No wonder (said the Weather-cock), for I've had nothing but *wind* in my teeth all night; and I don't see Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather down this morning."

"Do I? (said the Weather-glass). At all events, I'm *up* to you—*up* to *you*, indeed, now I look at myself, I'm up to *sixty*. You give yourself too many *airs*, Mr. Weather-cock. 'Tis true you are at the *top* of

this establishment, of which you are not a little *vain*."

"Little *vane*! (said the Weather-cock); No, indeed, I don't see a larger or handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vane* than *useful*: and as to my being the top of this establishment, you've always had the *rains* of the family in your own hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you."

"Change *places*! (said the Weather-glass), I never knew you *keep* one a minute together!"

"That's my misfortune (says the Weather-cock); but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south about to meet her. I had not been with her for more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am to be thus disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn *rusty* about it, and then I'll stick where I please."

"Ah (said the Weather-glass), we all have our complaints—you know my existence depends on my telling the truth; now I marked *much rain* yesterday as plain as could be, but my young mistress being promised a holiday if it were fine, screwed me up to *set fair*, so they *set out*, and the wet *set in*, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining

me, he found out the trick, which put him in a *thundering* passion, and I fell down to *stormy*."

"Ah, well (said the Weather-cock), I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here—for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass (which, by the by, I consider must be rather a *sharp* instrument, for I heard it had a needle and thirty-two *points*), I was declared by all present to stand completely *square*, when, to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards the wind blew me completely *round*; but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive by your face you're not many degrees from being *very dry*; what say you to a glass of something?"

"With all my heart (said the Weather-glass), if you'll *stand* it."

"I stand it (said the Weather-cock)—did you ever know me to *stand* to any-thing?" Here he turned half round and looked the other way.

"Just like you, you shabby rascal (says the Weather-glass); there's no trusting you."

"Save your abuse, save your abuse (said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turned away); though I am used to *blows*, they must be given in a round-about manner; and, of all *blows*, the least I care about is a *blow up*."

[By way of illustration to this] piquant dialogue, is the subjoined Cut—of grave humour, to be sure.]



Glass fallen—"very stormy!"

[In the next page are subjects of lively and deadly-lively interest: the foremost figure is a very *dieu de danse*—a Vestris in

powder; the second is a contemplative head and tail piece, whose rotundity amounts to a dead weight.]





Powder and Ball!



A Roomy-natur!

[Then a pleasant string of patter, somewhat seasoned with scandal, but not a whit less lively on that account:]

# THE MISS-NOMERS.

By Mrs. Baron Wilson.

Miss BROWN is exceedingly fair,  
Miss WHITE is as brown as a berry,  
Miss BLACK has a grey head of hair,  
Miss GRAVES is a flirt, ever merry;  
Miss LIGHTBODY weighs sixteen stone,  
Miss RICH scarce can muster a guinea,  
Miss HARE wears a wig, and has none,  
And Miss SOLOMON is a sad nunny!

Miss MILDMAID 's a terrible scold,  
Miss DOVE 's ever cross and contrary;  
Miss YOUNG is now grown very old,  
And Miss HEAVISIDE 's light as a fairy!  
Miss SHORT is at least five feet ten,  
Miss NOBLE 's of humble extraction;  
Miss LOVE has a hatred towards men,  
While Miss STILL is for ever in action.

Miss GREEN is a regular blue,  
Miss SCARLET looks pale as a lily;  
Miss VIOLET ne'er shrinks from our view,  
And Miss WISEMAN thinks all the men silly!  
Miss GOODCHILD 's a naughty young elf,  
Miss LYON 's from terror a fool,  
Miss MEE 's not at all like myself,  
Miss CARPENTER no one can rule!

Miss SADDLER ne'er mounted a horse,  
While Miss GROOM from the stable will run;  
Miss KILMORE can't look on a corse,  
And Miss AIMWELL ne'er levell'd a gun;  
Miss GREATHEAD has no brains at all,  
Miss HEARTWELL is ever complaining,  
Miss DANCE ne'er has been at a ball,  
Over hearts Miss FAIRWEATHER likes reigning!

Miss WRIGHT, she is constantly wrong,  
Miss TICKELL, alas! is not funny;  
Miss SINGER ne'er warbled a song,  
And, alas! poor Miss CASH has no money;  
Miss BATEMAN would give all she's worth  
To purchase a man to her liking,  
Miss MERRY is shock'd at all mirth,  
Miss BOXER the men don't find striking!

Miss BLISS, does with sorrow o'erflow,  
Miss HOPE, in despair seeks the tomb;  
Miss JOY, still anticipates woe,  
And Miss CHARITY 's never "at home!"  
Miss HAMLET resides in a city,  
The nerves of Miss STANDFAST are shaken;  
Miss PRETTIMAN 's beau is not pretty,  
Miss FAITHFUL her love has forsaken!

Miss PORTER despises all froth,  
Miss SCALES they'll make wait I am thinking;  
Miss MECKLY is apt to be wroth,  
Miss LOFTY to meanness is sinking;  
Miss SEYMORE 's as blind as a bat,  
Miss LAST, at a party is first;  
Miss BRINDLE dislikes a strip'd cat,  
And Miss WATERS has always a thirst!

Miss KNIGHT is now changed into DAY,  
Miss DAY wants to marry a Knight,  
Miss PRUDENCE has just run away,  
And Miss STEADY assisted her flight:  
But success to the fair,—one and all!  
No mis-apprehensions be making:—  
Though wrong the dear sex to mis-call,  
There's no harm, I should hope, in MIS-TAKING!

[Next a piquant treatise on tongues:]

# TONGUES SMOKED.

Of all my *female* acquaintance, Miss TERESA TRUNDLE is the most loquacious.—Not that ladies are generally given to talking,—but talking is certainly given to them!

For some years I have known her,—and I

verily believe that her *rattle* (like the *snake's*) increases every year.

To my surprise she informed me she had lately paid a visit to the Dumb Asylum. I sincerely hoped she had taken a lesson in "expressive silence,"—what was my amazement when she informed me that she had learned to *talk with her fingers*! Good Heavens! As if she had found one organ of communication insufficient.

She had a predilection for laced boots, brooches, and buckles, for no other reason, I believe, than because *they had tongues*. She was likewise making herself rapidly acquainted with the German, French, and Italian *tongues*.

She never lacks a subject for conversation,—she is one of those who can find—

"—*tongues* in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,—"

and is very anxious to discover the Unknown Tongues.

"Bid me discourse!" is her favourite song, and proud of her eloquence, she boldly declares that nothing takes with the world so well as "talk,"—and that no *belle*, without a *clapper*, (except a *diving-bell*) ever went down!

Even the most delicate pullet, she votes insipid without the accompaniment of tongue.—

And I verily believe she would take a trip to the *Mouth* of the Nile, if she thought she should find a *tongue* in it!

[Then a harmless piece of quizzing:]

"IS THAT FAITH?" "FAITH AND IT IS!"

By Isabel Hill.

FAR be it from any lover of true fun to deride even mistaken—Bah! *all* erroneous systems of education are fair game; and ridicule is sometimes more effective than reason.

A wealthy, well meaning, but ill informed papist spinster, established a school on her Irish estate; and, every Saturday, examined its humble pupils herself; distributing among them rewards of merit, such as loaves, meat, and articles of apparel. It was her custom to give the scholars certain questions, for a week's consideration, offering them, at the same time, some clue to an answer, though none to the *meaning* of her queries. Now as these chiefly concerned the Saints, I will venture to instance the success of one.

Imagine the patroness, followed by her laden footboy, entering the crowded school-house.

The mistress rises and curtsseys.

"Save all here!" says the lady.

"And welcome, ma'am!" clamour a double dozen of voices.

"How are you Biddy?" resumes the lady, with a gracious nod. "I hope ye're all obedient to Mistress Biddy, children dear!"

"Troth then, ma'am," says the governess,

"they are *that*, if it warn't for Aileen Massy, who'd not be quite, even if Jude Finnucane ud let her. Them an' Peg Fitzsimmons, an' ———"

Here follows a long string of "exceptions—that prove the rule." Mrs. Biddy exerts in *general* over her *élèves*. A lecture from the Superior, tears, promises, and then the examination.

"Well, Darcy, darlint! what did I put to *you* this day week? take time for your answer, and fingers from your mouth."

Little Darcy hows, scratches her head, and whispers, in a whining drawl, "The difference between a Sinner and a Saint."

"Mighty well, good girl you are! What is it then?"

"The Sinner, if you please, my lady mam—is won as lives in—in—"

"Out of the hair, Darcy!"

"As lives out of the air"—says the child.

"Poo! your hand out of your hair, I mane; be mannerly, can't you! What's the Saint live for—shame!"

"The Saint lives for shame—no, I ax pardon, mam, he don't; 'tisin't he that's to live for anything at all; but the Sinner—"

"Ah then, have I put ye out? Never heed it—my bird! begin over again. The difference is—"

"Yes, mam, now I have it. The Sinner lives upon flesh—"

"For the flesh it is, Darcy; and the Saint?"

"Sure he'd die for the faith, mam."

"That's it, duck o' dimonds! Mistress Biddy, don't she deserve a prize?"

"She does, if you please, my lady."

"Here then's a mutton pie, good dinner for you, to save your money; don't ate it till I've given you another question. What *is* the Faith, my lamb?"

"The Roman Cath'lic crade, mam."

"'Pon my conscience, you're a clever young crature; but how's faith proved; d'ye know that, honey bud?"

"I do not, mam."

"Who's yer pattern, Darcy, dear?"

"She as name's upon me, mam."

"Mighty well then; suppose when you get home, findin the mother of yiz a washin, you let fall your pie into her tub, my heart; and if you b'laved that St. Dorcas could bring it up again for you, sorrow worse for the suds—eh? child of mine! there's a hint for a week's consideration—you'll remember?"

"I will, mam." Darcy departs full of pie—ty.

Next Saturday comes, a similar scene is enacted, and the lady asks her favourite, Will a pair of wool socks help your recollecting last week's position, Darcy?"

"Was it what's faith, mam? sure I know that right well then, indeed."

"You do, M'ws! bright girl you'll be! and

what is it then?—give me an instance—a proof or two.—What's faith?"

"A mutton pie in a washing tub, my lady."

[And a page or two, smoking with pun:]

#### A PORTRAIT.

*By the Author of the Eccentric Tales.*

"EVERY man has his hobby,"—and my worthy friend Humphrey Havannah has his. A better hearted soul or more agreeable companion never existed; but he is one of the most inveterate *Smokers* I ever knew. Summer and Winter, morning, noon, and night, his pipe is eternally in his mouth.

There he sits like a *Sun* of Mirth, cracking his jokes, and now and then appearing through the clouds of smoke that roll about him.

At fourteen he was shipped off for the West Indies, where after *roasting* under a burning sun for forty years, he came home—*smoking*, and has smoked ever since without ceasing:—But lest it should be considered I am *smoking* an old friend, he shall speak for himself.

"Ah! how do?—*smoking* hot weather this!—puts me in mind of the West Indies, —sangaree and cigars—sugar-canes and negroes. Tell you more about them if you come and take a luncheon with me. Choose your own time, my chimney's always *smoking*! Got some o' the finest tongues man or woman ever had in their mouths! *smoke* 'em all myself.

"Say you'll dine at five, everything shall be done to a turn, everything cooked with a *smoke-jack*, in my house, by a capital black cook.

"Do you like black puddings? *Negroes* make the best *black puddings* in the world, you shall taste 'em!—After dinner we'll have a comfortable *pipe* together—import my own tobacco by the hundred weight—prepare and smoke it all myself.

"Some people laugh at me. They don't know what true enjoyment is—nothing like a *pipe*. What would Pasta, or the New River Company do without *pipes*—'ey? Got some fine old Port,—buy *that* by the *pipe* too! Fond of music? Have two fine gold-finches in my crib, that *pipe* famously that sweet song—

"I knew by the *smoke* that so gracefully curled!"

"My Negro too, plays the *pipe* and tabor. You'll come, won't you? I'm not smoking you—It's a way I've got. I don't care a 'whiff' for your excuses: I'll send a smoking charger to your door 'No. 37; who'll bring you in, *puffing*, at five to a *piping* hot dinner,—and what say you to being a *stopper* here for a week?"

[We wind up with a little batch of humorous—]

## ANECDOTES.

By Isabel Hill.

THE experiences of physicians have lately been often detailed in print: formerly they held themselves bound not to "tell the secrets of the prison house." A couple of anecdotes, never before published, were related to me the other day.

Dr. —, as celebrated for his humanity, address, and penetration, as for his professional skill, attended the last illness of a gentleman, the profligate levity of whose "son and heir," hastened his decease.

Meeting the young parricide on the stairs, the doctor, without assuming the least caution or delicacy, said, coldly, "Sir, your good father has just expired."

"Indeed," exclaimed the youth, starting; "this is very sudden,—had you not better open the body immediately, to ascertain?"

"Oh, Sir," interrupted his hearer, with cutting severity,—“you need not give yourself the slightest alarm, I assure you he is *quite dead*.”—Ought the wretch to have survived such a reproof?

Another time this doctor was called in, to the abrupt and fatal indisposition of a very rich old man, who left behind him a curiously ignorant and handsome young widow, apparently unsolaced by the prospect of wealth, a year's freedom, and *then*—the lady let down her hair to tear it, raving wildly.—

"I'll not believe that the dear man could die, and leave me! No! he lives, I'm sure he's alive, doctor,—tell me, don't you think he will come to life again?"

"Why, ma'am," said the physician, solemnly, "since you are so pressing, I confess that we *have* means. Shall I galvanize him? you will soon see him jump up then."

"No, doctor! no!"—screamed the widow, in pious horror, "I'll have none of your experiments:—they are downright witchcraft,—none of your experiments.—Jump up, against the law of nature! Heaven forbid, dear man! Hard as it is to bear my fate—let us have no experiments!"

[To these specimens—though the Cuts are not the best in the volume—we need scarcely add our note of commendation to Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering: it is really a boon to the care-ridden world.

### Friendship's Offering.

[THE literature of this volume will maintain the reputation of the work. It is throughout characteristic and spirited, with here and there a sombre shade to set off its beautiful lights. Among the most striking of the contents are—*My First Love*, by Leitch Ritchie; *Grace Kennedy*, by the author of *Pictures of Private Life*; *Donna Francesca*, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor; and two pieces

by the author of *Atherton*, in his best vein. Miss Mitford and Mr. Banim have also contributed a paper each. But, most to our mind are the soul-stirring *Adventures of Stephano*, the Albanian, which are fraught with intense passion and spirited writing.—We quote a scene or two:—]

## STEPHANO, THE ALBANIAN.

WHETHER I write my story as a Moslem to boast of my exploits, as a Greek to deceive, or as a secretary of his highness Mahmoud II., whom the conjunction of the three fortunate planets long preserve!—or whether I have had one honest occupation in the course of my career, let the world settle according to its pleasure: for my part, I neither know nor care.

I was born in the pachalic of Delvino. My father was a brave man, a lover of wine, and the luckiest captor of Frank merchandise and its owners, for fifty miles round. My mother was braver still, for in her presence he dared not call his beard his own. She was of a prodigious Chimariot family, who had a flock of a thousand goats, were masters of three precipices, never paid a para to pacha, and nevers forgave an injury, until they had shot the injurer. They served capitally to keep my father, the gallant Constantinopulo, in order, and answered the purpose of an everlasting source of superiority to his wife. But heroes and heroines will have differences of opinion, even among the Albanian highlands. Their being ten thousand feet nearer the skies than the degenerate sons and daughters of earth, that marry and quarrel from Croatia to Corfu, does not prevent those little disturbances. One night, on my father's return from an expedition on the road to Argyrocastro, in which he had rifled the Transylvanian courier's baggage, and saved him the shame and sin of smuggling a bale of silks and pearl necklaces into the famous city of Trieste,—he, in the pride of his heart, unluckily displayed his prize. The jewels were claimed by my mother, as the right of the head of the house. The claim was resisted. Something was said about a rival, and something was returned in the shape of a blow. In two days after, the gallant Constantinopulo received a brace of bullets from the middle of an acacia-bush. He was brought home dying. My mother forgave him the blow, the rival, and every thing but the pearls. He died; she put on the jewels, tore her hair, threw a veil over her handsome face and stately form, made a terrible lamentation over the grave, and in three days after was settled in the hills, the bride of a bold Chimariot, her cousin, and the best shot in the province. By whom the bullets had been fired, was never asked; and as little doubted as asked. But inquiries on such subjects are not the custom of the country.

I was five years old at the marriage; in

five years more I was as good a marksman as my Chimariot father; and in five years more I was a klept,\* a soldier, and a lover. I am not about to tell a sentimental story, like an Italian cavalier; nor make *chansons* on it, like a French marquis; yet, if bright eyes, rosy cheeks, feet like wings, and a perfect inclination to delight in my plunder, could make an Albanian fall in love, I was far gone. But Zenobia Crisanthi was of an inferior family to that whose blood I carried in my veins: her richest relative had never possessed above a hundred goats; and all that was known of her descent was, that her ancestor had come up the mountain but about three hundred years before, as was supposed, from Wallachia. Those were objections insurmountable; and, in a family consultation upon the subject, it was resolved, as a mere matter of propriety, that the very first attempt at an interview with Zenobia, should be followed by the burning of every cottage of her clan, and the extirpation of the upstart line.

As this was the law of the land, I had nothing to do but to fling myself on the ground in despair, and exclaim against the cruelty of prohibiting any wish of a warrior of fifteen. For this additional offence, I was thrust into a hovel, which was to be my prison until I came to my senses. Silence, starving, and solitude, are remarkable tranquillizers of fiery indignation in youth, peculiarly when the slightest rebellion against authority might be answered by the discharge of a musket through the door. But in examining the ways of escape, I probed the wall into a hole through which I could see a glimpse of the moonlight. The discovery was worth pursuing: I pulled out pebble after pebble, till at length I came to an obstacle firmly cemented into the stones, which promised to baffle all my skill. After having torn off half my nails in the attempt, I gave it up, and wished myself at the top or the bottom of one of my cousin's precipices. I was roused by the fall of something heavy at my side. It was the head of a lance, which had been pushed in between the rafters. I hailed it as the gift of a beneficent fairy, began scooping away the wall again, and, in a few minutes, my new instrument produced its fruits, in the shape of a small square-box—but, alas! of iron. I tried it fifty times, and at length, in fierce disappointment, flung it against the wall. This movement produced a double effect. It broke out a piece of the wall, sufficient to let me through; and it fractured the crazy fastenings of the box. Liberty was before me—and a stronger temptation than the fracture of all the caskets upon earth; at the exit from my prison stood the form of Zenobia, with her sparkling eyes and laughing lips, both vastly busy in turning my labours into ridicule. I wound my way out like a

\* Albanian bandit.

serpent, and proposed instant flight. But she insisted on having a view of the spot, where I had exhibited such talents for house-breaking. Her statue-like form easily made its way in; and, in another moment, I heard an outcry of surprise—"Look here," she exclaimed, "and defy the pacha of Argyro-castro." The voice was followed by the discharge of a shower of sequins, which had nearly cost me an eye, as I followed her bidding, and stared through the opening.

The casket was full of Venetian gold pieces. She gathered them in the folds of her robe to the last coin, and came out in triumph. Our course was now clear. Some intentions on the part of her kinsmen to wipe off the slight of refusal by sending me to the shades of my forefathers, had roused her vigilance; and she had come forth to advise my immediate escape from this family settlement of the affair. To her astonishment, she had found me dungeoned. It was she who had pushed the spear-head through the roof; and now, the only question was, what was to be done? With my mistress at my side, and a thousand sequins in my hand, the question was quickly solved. In the valley, at the foot of my night's dwelling, I had seen two Turkish steeds, a part of the captures of the evening before; and which I shrewdly suspected to have belonged even to the most mighty Aga of the Albanians in the service of his highness the Sultan. To keep prying eyes from them, they had been tied up in the forest, at a safe distance from the village. Nothing could be more opportune. We glided down the hill, and found the chargers quietly grazing. Zenobia sprang on one, and I on the other. As my offence of prison-breaking, and hers of aiding in the exploit, would have brought us equally under the vengeance of the family law, we instinctively took the opposite road from the village. Where we were to go, never entered into our thoughts. Our coursers, delighted to find themselves ungalled by the ropes round their feet, sprang away like falcons. The night was soft and dewy—the moon a shield of pearl—the shrubs dropped balm—and away we flew to meet the rising sun.

We had reached the ridge that overlooks the valley of the Chelydnus, and had paused for a moment to consider in which of the villages we should take up our rest, when a cloud began to descend from a hill at some distance, and roll down the valley.

"A storm is coming," said I, "and we must look for shelter." "Yes," said my fair companion, "a storm of scimitars and lances, and the sooner we are out of its way the better." The grey of the morning soon grew golden in the sun, and I saw that she had formed the true judgment. The cloud was a troop of four or five hundred cavalry, coming at full speed towards the spot where we stood.

We turned in the other direction in an instant, and plunged down into the defiles. But the labyrinth of Crete itself was easy compared with those never-ending twistings of forest, lake, rock, and mountain. We were dying of fatigue. Our horses refused to move a step further; and at that moment we found ourselves in the midst of the cavalry, who also were dropping from their horses. They had come the straight road, while we had continued galloping in a circle. The affair was settled between both parties at once. I was pulled from my steed, which I had the pleasure of seeing extremely admired by its captor. Zenobia was led away, imploring mercy, and imprecating all kinds of ill-fortune on the heads and hands that presumed to separate a pair of true lovers. The captor told her with a laugh, "that women were allowed to cry, as long as they did what they were ordered, and that he would make a much better husband than the red-cheeked and beardless boy, about whom she made so much noise." I would have torn the scoffer limb from limb; but a strong sash, twined three times round my legs and arms, allowed me nothing but the indulgence of my speech; and, like a tiger bereaved of its young, I saw my fair one carried forward, in the march of the troop, while I was left to meditate on the advantages of having fasted and galloped for twelve hours, with no other prospect but that of lying on the spot till doomsday.

The hero of this exploit was the famous Nico Tzaras, for a dozen years the most successful robber in Albania. To do him justice, he was as brave as a lion, and as strong as a buffalo. He had the reputation of being able to devour more and fast longer than any klepht since Scanderbeg. I was likely to rival him in the latter quality, and never man less relished the opportunity of competition. The Turks knew him well. A division of the pacha of Salonika's janizaries had been posted to cut off his retreat, some months before, from the plains. Tzaras had plundered an escort of wagons, going from Salonika to the Hungarian frontier. He was coming home loaded with dollars. His troop had dwindled down to three hundred. The Turks were as many thousands. They waited for him at the crossing of a river. Flight or fighting seemed equally out of the question. He took his resolution, bade every man throw down his bag of dollars, and made a desperate rush at the Osmanlies. They might as well have resisted a thunderbolt. They broke like glass; and Tzaras, after having stripped the last of them on the field, returned to his bags, added them to the Turkish, and rode up the mountain, with the best booty made within the memory of man.

[Stephano enters the service of Ali, the new pacha of Yanina, whence we pass to the close of his career.]

Another crisis was to come. The famous campaign of Ali against the Suliotes began. The tyrant had stained himself by a long course of rapine and cruelty. I was now a Chimariot—the blood of the mountains was roused in me—and I joined the Suliote force on the memorable morning of the battle of the Acheron. Before day-break, the pacha had begun the attack with such superiority of force, that when I descended from the hills, I found everything in confusion. The pass of Klissura had been already stormed, and the Suliotes were flying in all directions. But the arrival of my Chimariot marksmen at this point, turned the tide. Ranged along the rocks, in front of the fort of Tichos, we poured in a shower of balls, that brought the foremost of the Albanians to a stand. We again poured in our fire; and the ground was like a harvest-field, covered with a crop that once was strong hands and daring hearts. But towards mid-day, we found that the pass was turned in our rear; and, on looking round, saw to our amazement ten thousand Albanians between us and the great bulwark of the mountains—the well-known fortress of Aghia Paraskevi. Their capture of this most important point would be utter ruin: yet I knew that the garrison had been almost totally drained off, and that the only population remaining were women and children. I led one of our clans instantly to the attack of the enemy; but they had all the advantages of ground and numbers. Our ammunition, too, began to fail. My mountaineers, who would have fought an army of lions, found themselves disheartened by the length of a struggle which now seemed hopeless, and threw down their arms under shelter of the precipices. In indignation and grief, I saw the enemy climb the walls of the fortress, without our being able to approach them. But what were my feelings, when I saw the form of Zenobia waving a banner on the ramparts, and exposed to the muskets of the Albanians. How she had come into a position of such peril, I could not conceive. I had left her in our castle on the summit of the Paramithian mountain, and, as I thought, beyond all sound of battle. Spurred by this new terror, and calling on my troop, I now made one desperate effort, and reached the enemy, by the ascent of an acclivity of rocks, which seemed fit for nothing but the wing of a falcon. The stormers were evidently unprepared for this attack; and when they began to feel our musketry playing on their flank, they paused, and rushed tumultuously towards the edge of the precipice, to overwhelm us at once by their weight of fire. Another moment, and all must be lost—but that moment was not to come. While almost alone, and struggling to rally my men, I had received a ball through the extended arm; and fallen down the front of the precipice.

There s  
from be  
descent  
general  
yet, thi  
siring w  
the cri  
with sho  
miscella  
dren fr  
now join  
newed  
forests e  
was wra  
to the  
hung be  
immedi  
down to  
this stat  
than an  
and ever  
from th  
certainty  
myself  
the torn  
tance be  
calamity  
above, t  
finally th  
soldier, v  
holding-  
at last in  
whom, I  
after bod  
with a h  
triumph  
tain see  
with it t  
least, in  
I should  
were nov  
Man an  
heaps, a  
growing  
made it  
perpetual  
falling tr  
scream f  
and, wit  
soul from  
down.  
How l  
know not  
sleep, I g  
tation mi  
ing of t  
cymbal.  
not concl  
than all,  
guish bre  
and emb  
I was utt  
—faintne  
sounds fa  
Again i



There still grasping the weeds, to save myself from being dashed to pieces at the foot of a descent, some hundred feet deep, I heard a general cry of dismay. I could see nothing yet, through the cloud of smoke from the firing which still poured above my head. But the cries of terror increased, soon mingled with shouts from the men below, and a strange miscellaneous clamour of women and children from above. Trumpets and cymbals now joined the clamour; and the firing, renewed in all quarters, made the hills and forests echo one perpetual thunder. Still all was wrapt in cloud to my eyes; and, clinging to the face of the tremendous declivity, I hung between heaven and earth, in the most immediate and nervous terror of being hurled down to the bottom. At length, while in this state of suspense—a state more agonizing than any that I could have ever conceived, and even on the point of relieving myself from the agony, by making the suspense certainty, losing my grasp, and suffering myself to be crushed to atoms in the bed of the torrent, that rushed at an invisible distance below; I felt that I had sharers in the calamity. The crashing of the brushwood above, the fall of the loosened stones, and finally the rolling down of a huge Albanian soldier, who had almost swept me from my holding-place, gave sign that the enemy were at last involved in deadly struggle—but with whom, I could not conjecture. Still, body after body rolled over the precipice; at length, with a hideous yell, followed by an uproar of triumph, the overhanging edge of the mountain seemed to give way, and carry down with it the whole Albanian army. Such, at least, in my astonishment at the catastrophe, I should have accounted the multitude, who were now flung down to inevitable death. Man and musket came rushing over me in heaps, as I felt my grasp every moment growing weaker. Loss of blood at length made it impossible for me to withstand the perpetual shock; and, in the midst of a falling troop of wretches, uttering their last scream for life, I felt my hold forced away; and, with a pang worthy of the divorce of soul from body, found myself instantly dart down.

How long I lay in this scene of death I know not. But, as if waking from a painful sleep, I gradually heard sounds of wild lamentation mingled with distant shots, the braying of the trumpet, and the clang of the cymbal. The battle was distant, but clearly not concluded. But deeper, and more intense than all, I heard sounds of the bitterest anguish breathed into my ears, and felt kisses and embraces on my almost lifeless form. I was utterly unable to move, speak, or look;—faintness came over me once more, and all sounds faded away.

Again I opened my eyes, but many hours

must have elapsed while I was in a state of insensibility. The sun was now setting on the western hills. Pindus was still glowing like a palace of living fire; the lower hills were bathed in crimson; the distant ocean lay in sheets of purple cloud. All was silence round me, and, as I gazed on the single, splendid star, that glittered above my head, I involuntarily thought of the happiness that man throws away for the glories of ambition, or the precarious pleasures of rapine. But, as I glanced towards the west, one broad gleam of the sinking sun flowed, on what I discovered to be a long train of warriors moving up the side of the mountain. I recognised the Chimariote banners, and heard the song of victory. Stiff with wounds, and unable to move, I anxiously saw them still advance, and now discovered that they bore among their foremost ranks what appeared, in the distance, to be a bier, and on it the figure of a female. My heart chilled, as if it had been shot through with a shaft of ice. Some undefined impression overwhelmed me, that Zenobia had mingled in the battle; that the kisses and lamentations which I had felt, but could not answer, were hers; and that, in her despair, she had ventured too far into the final conflict. The Turk feels no more than the tiger: but Greek blood was in my veins: and the beauty, the devotedness, and even the fantastic and capricious genius of Zenobia, came on my memory with a power which made me long to close the troublesome scene of existence, and rejoin her in the grave. The procession still rose, but, turning from the foot of the precipice, was lost in the forest. I was fixed to the spot where I sat, by utter feebleness, and began to think that my wish was about to be heard. My last cry was "Zenobia!" but the sound was answered by a quick rushing of feet, my name, and a flood of tears on my forehead. The living Zenobia stood before me!

Her story was brief, but fit for the heart of a Grecian heroine. In the morning, she had followed me to the fortress of Aghia Paraskevè, and watched the fortunes of the fight from the ramparts with intense emotion. When the pacha's troops, led by a traitor, had found the pass over the hills which cut off our retreat, she had attempted to rouse the garrison to a last effort of defence. But what was to be done with a score of palikars and some hundreds of frightened women and children? All was on the point of ruin, when my desperate effort to scale the mountain on the Albanian flank, arrested the attack for a moment. But that moment was decisive;—determined to rescue me or die, she had ordered the gates to be thrown open, and, standard in hand, rushed out at the head of the crowd, armed and unarmed. The enemy, thus unexpectedly assailed, gave way, and,

urging each other to the edge of the precipice, were thrown over in great numbers. In the pursuit, Zenobia had found me, as she thought, dying, and left me, as she thought, dead. Her only wish now was to perish. She led on the Chimariots to the attack of the remnant of the pacha's troops, found them dispirited and broken, put them again to the rout, and followed them to the banks of the Acheron, the boundary of the pacha's province. In the pursuit she had received a slight wound, and she was thus carried back in triumph by her applauding countrymen. One effort more was to be made;—and it was in the melancholy pride of building my funeral pile with a heap of the enemy's muskets and banners, that she had halted the march, and come to bear off the remains of her dear lord. But the scene was now changed. The muskets and banners were reserved for better things than funeral piles. The one I distributed among our gallant shepherds, the other I hung up in our mountain-chapel.

The work of years rolled on. Ali fought us again, and again we beat him. I saw his fortress captured; I saw his head hanging at the saddle-bow of the Tartar who carried the tidings to the city of the sultan. I saw his proud family swept away, and his people, his city, and his treasure-chests in the hands of strangers. I saw all this while I tilled my mountain-top; listened to the murmur of my bees; saw the sportings of my brave boys and beautiful girls, and rejoiced in the happiness of the still beautiful mother of both.

[A chapter on Childhood is full of tender thoughts; e. g. the following:]

Children make us proud, and they make us humble, and we love them for both reasons. We love them because they make us proud: they are so sweetly helpless that we have complete dominion over them, and we rejoice and delight ourselves in the pleasantness of patronage. The feeling of patronage is so strong in the human heart, that even children themselves delight in the exhibition of it; they patronize dolls, and butterflies, and little flowers, and love the sweet joys of a powerful superiority. Seeing the utter helplessness of children, and feeling that they are so entirely dependent on us, we cannot but love them; and thus we are led to the apprehension of God's love toward us: we find that his power is father to his love, for we are altogether dependent on him, and are as clay in the hands of the potter. There is no hatred where there is no fear; and we do not fear children, therefore we have toward them only love:—so it is with God to his works, he feareth nothing that he has made, and therefore in the language of Scripture it is said, "He hateth nothing that he hath made."—We love children because we have power over them. Furthermore we love children because they make us humble.

There is a mortification in humility, and there is also a delight in humility: there is a mortification in humility, when we are driven down by those above us; and there is a delight in humility when we are drawn down by those below us. By children are we reminded how guileless and how innocent once we were. And notwithstanding all that the world has done with us and for us, we are still in favour of the innocence and simplicity of childhood.

[Among the poetical contributors are the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Barry Cornwall, Coleridge, Charles Whitehead, and the clever editor, Mr. T. Pringle, by whom we quote]

#### THE FOUNT OF UHLANGA.

*An African Sketch.*

HALF-WAY up Lühèri climbing,  
Hangs the Wizard's Forest old,  
'Neth whose shade is heard the chiming  
Of a streamlet clear and cold:  
With a wailing sound it gushes  
From its cavern in the steep;  
Then at once its murmurs hushes  
In a lakelet dark and deep.

Standing by the dark blue water,  
Drest in robe of panther's hide,  
Who is she?—old Tshio's daughter,  
Bold Makanna's widowed bride.  
Stern she stands, her left hand clasping  
By the arm her wondering child:  
He, her shaggy mantle grasping,  
Gazes up with aspect mild.

Thrice in the soft fount of nursing  
With sharp steel she pierced a vein,—  
Thrice the White Oppressor cursing,  
While the blood poured down like rain,—  
Wide upon the dark blue water,  
Sprinkling thrice the crimson tide,—  
Spoke Ishusa, Tshio's daughter,  
Bold Makanna's widowed bride;—

"Boy! the pale Son of the Stranger  
Hath thy father foully slain:  
Swear to be thy sire's avenger—  
Swear to break thy country's chain!  
By Uhlunga's Sacred fountain  
To that task I pledge thee now;  
And the Spirits of the Mountain  
Witness stern the widow's vow!

"When thy arm grows strong for battle,  
Thou shalt sound Makanna's cry,  
Till ten thousand shields shall rattle  
To war-axe and assagai.  
Then when, like hail-storm in harvest,  
On the foe sweeps thy career,  
Shall UHLANGA, whom thou servest,  
Make them stumble to thy spear.

[The plates, twelve in number, are well executed. Among them we would especially notice Venus and Æneas on the shore of Carthage, engraved by W. Wallis after Martin; and Francesca, by Phelps, after Jackson's celebrated picture. They are excellent, and must recommend the work, independently of its other attractions, among which there are sparkling and "lack lustre" eyes in all their bewitching beauty.]

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House.) London. Sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Is the c  
eastern  
Its conc  
of civiliz  
tinentl  
Rio in l  
this is a  
centurie  
be here  
conquer  
the capit  
the glob  
civilizati  
effaced t  
ness in t  
Rio is  
being sit  
great bay  
extends  
continent  
distance  
north-eas  
gularly q

\* Embro  
Email is ne  
supporting  
Vol. 3